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SPECIAL PRICES

on many things in our store which we want to close out before taking account of stock.

25 per cent. discount on Fine Dress Patterns.

25 to 50 per cent. discount on Cloaks.

10 per cent. discount on Handkerchiefs.

10 per cent. discount on Aprons.

Many other goods come in on the out.

This is Your Opportunity

THOMAS + + V
+ + SMILE Y
NORWAY MAINE.

Special
LOW PRICES
FOR 2 WEEKS
IN

Carpets
To Reduce Stock.

Best Extra Super, All Wool, 58c
Regular price 65c.
Good All Wool, extra super, 49c
Extra Good Moquette Rug, 3 ft. by 6 ft. 3.50

N. DAXTON
BOLSTER & CO.
SO. PARIS, MAINE.

If you would have a clear, fine complexion use one of the
Complexion Brushes
an excellent tonic for the skin, found at HALL'S DRUG Store.

The Shaw Business College
and Short-hand School
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA, BANGOR AND HOUSTON, ME.
Actual business by mail and railroad. Office practice for beginners. Bookkeepers, clerks and stenographers furnished to business men. Free catalogue. F. L. SHAW, President, Portland, Maine.

NEW LINE
OF
LADIES' WRAPPERS,
ALSO
READY-MADE
Overskirts in
Novelties.

G. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

LOCAL NEWS
—The Latest, too.
Lots of it—in every issue of the News. Send a copy to your friends—3 months, 50c, 6 months, 85c, 1 year, \$1.25.

The Bethel News.

WANTED
Can be quickly secured by an Ad in the Bethel News. If you can't come in, use the mails.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28, 1898.

Vol. IV. No. 31.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING.
ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

How about that electric clock? Mrs. W. S. Wight continues to improve.

Gould's Academy stationery at the News office.

Miss Alice Chamberlain is at home for a short time.

A. S. Twitchell of Gorham, N. H. was in town last week.

Archer Grover is home from his school at Orono, to spend the holidays.

Miss L. C. Hall has been confined to the house thus far this week, by sickness.

One hundred coppers buys a regular \$1.00 fountain pen at the News office.

Miss Florence Carter sang in the Congregational church at Berlin, N. H., last Sunday.

Mrs. Grace Skillings and son, Albert, of Harvard, Mass., are visiting at A. W. Grover's.

Mrs. Wilfred Bowler and daughter, Edna, are spending the holidays at her home in Somerville, Me.

The rent recently vacated by John Yates is being renovated and put in first-class condition.

Gilman Chapman, who is working for Blanchard & Twitchell at Berlin, spent Christmas at home.

Mrs. W. R. Chapman and daughter arrived from New York Saturday night, to spend Christmas in Bethel.

Students of Gould's Academy are reminded that they can get the Academy stationery at the News office.

The Columbian Club will meet with Mrs. O. M. Mason, Friday afternoon, December 30, at 2.30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Phipps and daughter, of Milan, N. H., are visiting Mrs. Phipps' father, Col. C. S. Edwards.

Dr. Butler president of Colby College, will deliver the second lecture of the course, next Friday evening. Let all who can, hear it.

Mrs. Gehring was seriously ill during her recent visit in Cleveland, and is but slowly recovering from its effects.

E. D. Cole, who is conducting the business formerly carried on by the late G. L. Prescott of Berlin, N. H., who was one of the unfortunate passengers of the Portland, spent Sunday at home.

E. S. Kilborn, representative, elect, is doing a large lumbering business, as usual, this winter. He is having a large amount of poplar landed at the G. T. R. station for shipment, and is also getting out a large amount of birch, stove timber, long lumber, and wood.

Mr. Asa L. Young of Auburn, is having a lot of ship knees got out in Bethel and vicinity by Daniel S. Spearling, who has been in Mr. Young's employ for some years. Mr. Young has been in the ship-knee business for sixteen years; he formerly lived in Bethel, which was then his business headquarters. Some three years ago he removed to Auburn.

He has a crew at work in Wisconsin and has just returned from a business trip in the West. The knees now obtained in the East, he says, are small and not so desirable as those found in the northern, central and western states, where the supply is virtually inexhaustible. Mr. Young has a lumber yard in Bethel and one in New York City. He formerly did a large business in railroad ties but has now so enlarged his ship-knee business that it requires all his attention.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best

Christmas Services at the Different Churches.

The chapel of the Universalist church, Saturday evening, was a place of merry-making and good cheer. The long tables in the spacious dining room were loaded with tempting food of every description. The multitude of children were masters of the occasion, and it was truly "their time." About one hundred helped by their presence, to make the evening one of happiness and good cheer. The older ones entered into the spirit of the season, and lent themselves for a time, to the services of the little ones. After the supper, there were musical and literary exercises in the audience room and parlor above. The rooms were filled and extra chairs had to be brought in to accommodate the overflow. The tree was bending under its burden of gifts, and the tables and even the floor had to be used as depositories. The distribution of presents occupied a long time and brought much mirth and gaiety. One of the novel features of the evening was the presentation to Rev. F. E. Barton, the pastor, of a "wonder bag" by the parish. This bag was a large one, so large that with its contents it made too much of a burden for the worthy pastor to transport with any ease. It was filled with presents of all kinds each one putting in what their taste suggested. All the gifts were from the members of the parish. Accompanying the bag were written instructions to Mr. Barton, telling him that the bag contained fifty-two presents—one for each week of the coming year. That each Sunday morning he was to take a gift from the bag as a reminder of the love and good will of his parishioners. It was suggested that woman's curiosity would prohibit such a gift to her, but that man's strength of character would be a sufficient guaranty that the instructions would be carefully followed. Mr. Barton in a few appropriate remarks, thanked his people for their thoughtfulness and kindly expression of good feeling and assured them that he would follow the instructions to the letter.

A successful Christmas concert was given at the church Sunday evening, before a large audience. The concert was opened with music, an invocation by the pastor and scriptural exercises by the Sunday school. Much labor had been expended in the preparation of the concert and the results fully justified the labor. Miss Alice Billings presided at the organ. There were selections by the choir, and singing by the children. Miss Nellie Frost and Miss Joan Stearns gave pleasing solos. A finely rendered reading was given by Prof. Arthur Wiley. Miss Maud Chute read a nicely written original paper on Christmas customs and observances. Master Eddie Harvey delivered the address of welcome which was most appropriate for the occasion, and was given in a commendable manner. There were other readings and recitations all well rendered and showing much training.

AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH the appointed hour found over one hundred men, women, and children assembled in the new dining room, which by the way should be, and is the pride of the Ladies' Club, which has recently renovated it and made it so convenient, pleasant, and attractive.

It was Christmas eve, and the children were there; real children and children of a larger growth, all joyful and happy; the former predominated and it truly was a pretty sight to see the little ones gathered around the delicacies which had been provided for them. After all had had their fill, they ascended to the chapel when the curtain was thrown back displaying the attraction of the evening, in fact of the season, the Christmas tree. Loaded from top to bottom; and enough beside to load another one; and all for those children. Why should it not be a merry Christmas, and all the little ones will tell you so. The Sunday school teachers had kindly and thoughtfully seen that none should be disappointed as something had been provided for all. Considerable time was taken to give out the numerous presents, after which the happy company repaired to their homes, many we presume, to hang their stockings and await further developments.

Appropriate Christmas services were held Sunday evening.

METHODIST CHURCH.

In order that there might be no interruption in the revival meetings which are held each evening at this church, the Christmas tree sent forth its messages of good

cheer, Saturday afternoon. It bore gifts rich and plentiful and enough for all. As it was the pastor's fortieth birthday, his parishioners very kindly presented him a purse containing forty silver quarters, one for each birthday as a token of their love and appreciation of his works. Appropriate exercises were held Saturday afternoon.

School Entertainment.

The pupils were pleased, the teachers were pleased, citizens interested in the village schools were pleased last Thursday evening to note the interest manifested by the people of Bethel, who, in response to many invitations from the pupils, the teachers, and through our columns, had assembled in Odeon Hall to hear the opera "Robin's Specie". The opera was planned near the close of the fall term, and it was a happy thought to select one suitable for Christmas-time, for at this time all are supposed to be happy and to be willing to contribute a mite, at least, towards the happiness of others; thus rendered at a time when people are in a spirit of giving, a good sized audience had been hoped for, and the hopes were not vain.

The doors were open at 6.30 for those who wished to purchase the many small articles which were on sale and had been contributed by pupils, parents, and citizens; the table of candies was no small attraction to old and young alike, and it was said by many, to be the best table of candy seen in town for a long time. In the short space of one and one-half hours, the fancy articles and candies had nearly disappeared, having found ready purchasers, while many, arriving late, found everything sold; the ice cream, too, of which it was supposed a generous allowance had been planned, vanished in short order, again disappointing many who had planned for a taste of the sweet.

Promptly, at eight, the curtain rolled up and Santa Claus, at his work of collecting toys for the children, was introduced. While busily engaged he was interrupted by Robin and a fairy who wanted to give him a medicine for naughty children, which should make them always good thus obviating sad little hearts, made so as no presents had come to them because they had been naughty. Santa had not much faith in everlasting goodness, Christmas-time goodness being evidently, his opinion of the kind possessed by the girls and boys.

After obtaining the consent of Santa, to furnish all good children with presents, the fairy queen was interviewed and she consented to the medicine being given. Children who never, never, never would be good were gathered from the four quarters of the world, given a portion of the wonderful specific and then lulled to sleep by a pretty group of pretty fairies, assisted in some mysterious way by some cute little rabbits who bobbed their long ears in a most natural manner. When these naughty children awoke they were determined to be good always, which determination of course, was produced by Robin's specific.

Every part was very well carried out; which all understand could be done only by drill; long drill, painstaking drill and patient drill; this the children have had by Miss Jane Gibson, to whom much credit is due for her persistent efforts which were so completely crowned with success.

Miss Ruth King furnished music and between the acts duets by Misses King and Barton were enjoyed.

The financial results of the school entertainment and sale are as follows:

Receipts, \$49.54.
Expenditures, 10.88.

Proceeds, \$38.66.

Several who could not be present at the entertainment have given to the fund and money thus received has been reckoned into the receipts above. This money as before stated, goes to the piano fund, the piano when purchased, to be used in the school building in our village. This building is one of which Bethel is proud in fact there are but few its equal in the State, but it is a fact well known by those who have taught therein that many helps so necessary to modern instruction are lacking.

We are fortunate in having teachers of modern ideas who if given proper material will do much towards placing our schools in the foremost rank, and every dollar invested in working material will not only interest the pupils for the time being, but influences will be exerted which will extend through after life. We wish to

give our children such mental training, such opportunities as shall fit them to take as worthy a place in the world as the people of Maine have been filling and are filling at the present time. Our years of experience tell us that the value of a person depends upon his education, and it should be, and we trust is the desire of our people to assist in placing in the school building those things which add wisdom, which shall help to give larger views of life, broader visions of duty and place our sons and daughters in such positions that they may make the most of the best in them.

Thanks are due to the many friends who helped in various ways; to Miss Jane Gibson, who so efficiently trained the school children in the opera; and to George French who took the part of Santa Claus.

Now that the movement has been started, it is intended to keep it going. A drama will be given soon. It is earnestly hoped and expected that this term enough money can be obtained to purchase the piano.

The village teachers and the superintendent of schools have organized themselves into a committee, and deposited the money in the Bethel Savings Bank.

A Christmas Merry-Making.

Beautiful rooms filled with gay girls in dainty gowns—more soberly attired, but not the less merry—

young men, and stately young matrons! A Christmas tree a-glimmer with shining baubles, strands of tinsel and lighted tapers, standing in the great tower window; a

fateful bunch of holly and mistletoe, suspended artfully at one side of the wide doorway, where, if perchance an unconscious maid might pause beneath, a youth might gain the coveted forfeit; a gracious hostess, whose boundless and dignified hospitality was most gratefully remembered by the Bethel young people—and you have an outline of that charming Christmas merry-making on Friday evening, that filled the home of Dr. and Mrs. Gehring, with light, music and good cheer, making the true Christmas spirit become more than a name.

Such a pretty sight! One of many such all over the civilized world, where, at this time, sweet human courtesies and loving graciousness betray the reality of the spirit of "good cheer." The guests greeted one another with a premature, but none the less cordial "Merry Christmas."

They gathered in groups upon and under the broad stairway, and around the sides of the long library, puckering pretty brows and manly foreheads over a bicycle contest, with pencil and paper; they walked through stately quadrilles, and little feet kept the rhythm of the waltz; they refreshed themselves in the crimson dining room, at the ever replenished buffet-table. The Tennis Club sang their gay, distinctive part-songs, and at quarter before the midnight hour, Mrs. Gehring, standing in their midst, spoke a few earnest grateful words for the preservation through the year, of the young lives so endeared to her by her faithful years of service to them, summing up very much in one sentence, "I have tried to provide for you a safe social life."

Then a hush fell, and a quartette sang a Christmas carol, which will not soon die away from the remembrance of those who were asked to listen, remembering whose birthday all the Christmas joy celebrates. Last of all, the Tennis Club formed the old familiar circle, which they enlarged to take in every guest, clasped hands, and with Mrs. Gehring at the piano, sang the hymn which has ended every evening of social enjoyment since these young people were little children—"God be with you till we meet again," and the Christmas party, to the Tennis Club of 1898 and its friends, was ready to be folded away with the many memories of happy boyhood and girlhood festivities, where loving thought, while enforcing stern duties, and demanding strict conventionalities, has planned for the safe happiness of a score of young people, who year by year, cherish an ever increasing love for their club and its beloved leader.

Dance at North Woodstock.

There will be a masquerade ball at Gould's hall, North Woodstock, Thursday evening, January 12. No effort will be spared to make this the most enjoyable affair of the season, and everyone is cordially invited to come and help make it such.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be taken. Sold by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and W. H. Crockett, Locke's Mills.

The Man Who Builds a Home.

The hurrying hosts e'er crowd the van, With plaudits and acclaim, To show its honor to the man Who makes himself a name. Indeed all honor should be his That people can bestow: A good name! fair and sweet it is, In happiness or woe.

But praise where 'tis deserved the most Is grudgingly bestowed, As through earth's troubles rush life's host.

With light or heavy load; The man who highest praise deserves, 'Neath Heaven's eternal dome, Is he who ne'er from duty swerves, And makes a happy home.

A home! Not merely four strong walls, To turn the wolves away, To rest within till grim Death calls away.

But such a home as hearts may love, And live and bloom within, Reflecting joys from above, And never knowing sin.

The man who builds a home like this, Is greater far than he, Whose wealth may waken sensuous bliss, Whose name fills lands and sea.

His nobly lives and dies, his name goes down; But homes with hearts of love, Will keep through ages their renown As echoes from above.

Then hail the man who builds a home While lingering on the earth! For when he sees Heaven's glided dome 'Twill whisper of his worth.

And he who builds a home in which He nobly lives and dies, Will find his counterpart a niche Awaiting in the skies.

—Earl Marble.

SECOND THOUGHT.

"I must have it, George," said Mr. Whitman's handsome little wife. "So don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile, that was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life," she replied. "There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman.

There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About six pounds," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would be extravagant.

"Six pounds! Why, Mary, do you think I am made of money?"

And Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, George," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Bright has had six or seven during the same time, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you would find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet, don't talk to me in this fashion! I'll bring you the money this evening, that is if—"

"No ifs or buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in—street yesterday, and saw some of the sweetest patterns I ever beheld. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconceivable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband and smiled with sweet persuasion in his face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman turning off from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence.

In his precipitation he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always," said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street-door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say 'money' to George, and at once there's a cloud in the sky."

She sat down, pouting and half angry.

"Six pounds for a new dress?" mentally ejaculated the husband of the vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle the coal merchant's bill to-day, but I don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is nearly out, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance; but if silk dresses are to be the order of the day, there's an end to that devotion-to-be-wished-for circumstance. Debt—debt! how I have always shrunk from it! But steadily, now, it is overpowering me. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood; but the bonds that hold me are weak. If Mary could but see as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position! Alas, that is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman quickened his steps, because his heart beat quicker, and his mind was unduly excited.

Not long after Mr. Whitman had left home, the postman delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold hand, and said to herself as she did so, "I wonder who this is from?"

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had become for most of the time of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor George!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantelpiece, where her husband could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as a weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction.

If the thought of Mrs. Whitman occurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained!" she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her.

She went to the mantelpiece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It did not enlighten her. Steadily she became more assured that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. The idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as though, under a kind of feverish excitement, her mind became active in a new direction. "More contented, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation pains me."

She drew a long, deep sigh, then, with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, silent, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something has gone wrong with him this year!" she said aloud, as the feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?" The letter was still in her hand. "This may enlighten me."

With careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired to do so.

There was a bill for fifteen pounds, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.

"It is this bill is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall take proceedings. It has been standing for nearly a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."

The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in great astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter for her husband came in. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill! and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" she repeated.

It was a bill of four pounds for boots and slippers, which had been standing for three or four months.

"This will never do!" said the astonished wife—"never—no, never!" She thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way, and from that hour until the return of her husband she did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking it from his vest pocket and handing it to her as he came in.

He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then, would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses, she took the money, saying, "Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to comply with my wishes."

Something in her voice and manner

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.

Christmas Gifts

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL PRESENTS FOR ALL.

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Fancy Neckwear, Gloves and Mittens, Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Sweaters, Underwear, Night-Shirts, Hats and Caps, Arm Elastics, Collar and Cuff Buttons, Necktie Boxes and lots of Fancy Novelties.

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

What would be better than a nice warm Jacket at the regular price? Bed Spreads, Towels, Napkins, Handkerchiefs, Pillow Shams, Bureau Scarfs, Gloves and Mittens, Feather Boas, Muffs, Doyleys, Tray Cloths, Cut Work Hoods, Fancy Hair Combs, Stick Pins, Neck Chains, Scissors, Fancy Boxes for Handkerchiefs, Gloves, etc. Jewelry Cases, Fancy Buckles, Perfumes, Toilet Sets, and a large stock of Novelties too numerous to mention.

Come in and see our display before purchasing.

To us respectfully,

L. B. Andrews,
(Successor to L. B. Andrews & Co.)
SOUTH BETHEL, MAINE.
Only two minutes' walk from P. O. depot.

WE HAVE OPENED OUR NEW LINE OF

Christmas Goods.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs from 5c to \$1.25 each.

Gents' Handkerchiefs from 5c to 50c each.

Mufflers, Ladies' and Gents', from

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28, 1898.

LOCAL NEWS.

Happy New Year.
Mrs. F. S. Chandler is visiting in Norway.

Robert Foster is visiting friends at Bangor.

Walter A. Foster of Newry, was at C. O. Foster's yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Grant of Locke's Mills, were in town last week.

The Bethel library association will hold its annual banquet, on the near future.

Two new members were added to the Epworth League society, last Sunday evening.

Don't bother with lead pencils when you can get a first-class fountain pen for \$1.00.

Friends of Rev. Israel Jordan were pleased to meet him in our village last Friday.

Miss Percie Foster and Mrs. W. A. Foster of Newry, were visiting in our village, last Friday.

Miss Annie Brickett left last Saturday for a prolonged stay with friends in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. E. C. Rowe and Clara R. Howe of Boston, are visiting Miss Grace Ames, in New York.

So much depends upon the purity of the blood that by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla many different diseases are cured.

S. I. French brought in a fine buck deer Monday night which had shed his horns and when dressed weighed 110 pounds.

The doll given away at the opera last Thursday, was received by Melville Timberlake of Phillips, who was visiting at Ceylon Cove's.

Mrs. C. H. Harvey spent Christmas at Rumford with her sister, Mrs. M. F. Virgin. This was the first Christmas the sisters have spent together since 1867.

Mrs. Fred L. Edwards and Mrs. Wm. Kendall are soon to open dressmaking apartments in the rooms over Judge Frye's office where they will be pleased to greet old as well as new customers.

Anyone who gets ahead of uncle Moses Mason will need to sleep with one eye open in order to see to wake up early in the morning. Ask him to tell you about his fishing trip which he took with city friends last summer.

Miss Eva Barker, the popular dressmaker of our village, intends to go to Boston Jan. 20 to spend a month in the dressmaking apartments of Miss Mollie Gill. While there she will give careful attention to the cut, style and finish of the latest designs; upon her return to town she will be pleased to meet old as well as new customers, and Bethel ladies may feel sure that her work will be up-to-date and finished in a first class manner.

Edmund Clark of New York is at home for a few days. Mr. Clark is assistant chemist in the laboratory of the department of health in Greater New York. The business of the laboratory is to make analyses of the milk and water which are used in the city. As the saying goes, "There are tricks in all trades," and although there is a heavy penalty for adulterating milk in the state of New York, yet the milk dealers do it, thus making it necessary to have a milk inspector, who, by the way, is also a Bethel man, Mr. Charles H. Kimball, whose business it is to test the milk handled by the dealers, once in two weeks, and take any about which he has any suspicions, to the laboratory to be analyzed; if it does not come up to the required standard of 12% solids and 3% fats, the dealer is prosecuted and heavily fined. Since the organization of Greater New York, Mr. Clark has been detached special inspector to the sanitary superintendent, and has to spend a portion of his time inspecting the bone burning works, glue factories, and fertilizer factories in the outlying wards. He has, during his stay in New York, taken up signalling and qualified as an expert signal man, and as a result, when the late war broke out he was detailed to Montauk Point. Here he and his party were equipped with all of the necessary apparatus to talk with ships at sea by day or by night. They had to keep strict watch for passing ships and make a report of the same to the government. He was at Montauk three months and says that while he enjoyed his work there very much, yet he would have much preferred being on board the Yankee.

How She Feels Now.
"For some years I was troubled with a weak stomach and could not eat without distress. I also had catarrh in the head. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has done me great good. My stomach is now better and my head has not felt so well for years." Mrs. A. J. Greeley, East North Yarmouth, Maine.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Our Young Readers.

HERO.

Hero is a great, shaggy Newfoundland dog. At night he is left alone in a large store to keep watch. During the day he sleeps. Anyone would think he was a very lazy dog; but in the night he is on the alert. At the slightest noise he bounds from one end of the long store to the other.

One night the store next to that where Hero watched, was broken into by burglars and the iron safe opened. In his efforts to punish the offenders, he gnawed at the front doors and tore great strips of wood from them. In the morning Hero was punished for marring the doors. Afterwards, when the reason was known, he was praised, petted, and called a noble dog.

He trots off to the butcher's every day for his dinner. When it is time for him to go, one of the clerks puts a time between his teeth. Away he goes, deposits it in the butcher's hand, and in return obtains a piece of meat.

One day there was no small change at hand. The clerk picked up a piece of wrapping paper from the floor and wrote, "Please give Hero his meat and change."

"Now go after your dinner," said the clerk. Away he went with the paper where he usually carried a dime. The next day, at noon, the clerks were all busy. Hero wanted his dinner, but no one attended to him. He was very hungry. Soon he began to think he was neglected. So he picked up a scrap of paper and very quietly walked away with it to get his meat. The butcher, who knew him well, rewarded him royally for his intelligence.

Another time, while in the market, he became tired of waiting for the ladies to be served. Without even a bark of "your leave," he snatched a nice Porterhouse steak, and away he ran, leaving his ten cents.

His owner thinks there is not another such Hero in the world. They are often seen together on the street.

His long shaggy hair is clipped every summer. He seems to be ashamed of his appearance for a day or two. At sight of a stranger, he will sink under his master's desk or into a corner—Our Little Oases.

Conundrums.

Answers to conundrums in issue of Dec. 14 were received from E. Bryant Pond and R. and C. Bethel, they are as follows:

1. Chimney crane.
2. Smoke.
3. Because it is between two (s), (eye).

4. When it is a little reddish (radish).
5. The other half.
6. When they are cracked.

Watch for our prize offer next week.

The book offered as a prize to the boy or girl sending us the largest list of words, was won by Walter Wright of Bethel, who sent a list of 104 words. Other lists were sent by Dora Mills, West Bethel, Harold H. Bean, Agnes Hutchins, and Byron Cummings. Watch for our next prize offer, which will interest all.

PRES. NATHANIEL BUTLER, D. D.

By ALBION W. SMALL, D.D., Ph. D.

Nathaniel Butler was not one of the edifying boys of the old-fashioned Sunday school books, nor one of the juvenile paragons of Oliver Optic's creation.

He was, as I analyze him from recollection, a boy whose appetite was ample and digestion good; whose conscience gave him no particular trouble, whose instincts were healthy, and who was free from the self-consciousness of young masters of the human species from being thoroughly wholesome boys.

He was singular, among college students whom I have known, in his ability to make his dignity felt without seeming ridiculous, and at the same time to make himself ridiculous on occasions without losing his dignity.

His rank, says Dr. Small, was high, but not remarkable. His boast was that he succeeded in being one of the first nine of his outlying wards. He has, during his stay in New York, taken up signalling and qualified as an expert signal man, and as a result, when the late war broke out he was detailed to Montauk Point. Here he and his party were equipped with all of the necessary apparatus to talk with ships at sea by day or by night. They had to keep strict watch for passing ships and make a report of the same to the government. He was at Montauk three months and says that while he enjoyed his work there very much, yet he would have much preferred being on board the Yankee.

How She Feels Now.
"For some years I was troubled with a weak stomach and could not eat without distress. I also had catarrh in the head. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has done me great good. My stomach is now better and my head has not felt so well for years." Mrs. A. J. Greeley, East North Yarmouth, Maine.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Second Thought.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

ner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes to her face with a look of inquiry. But she turned aside, so that he could not read his expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he asked, with a faint effort to smile.

"Yes, it will be something splendid," she replied.

He turned from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with a thoughtful countenance, and her whole manner changed. Then she went to her room, and commenced dressing to go out. Two hours later, we find her in the jeweler's shop.

"May I speak a word to you?" she said, addressing the owner, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of one of the long glass cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the glass case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband:

"I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so, frankly. It should never have been purchased; but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take the blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch and say how much I shall pay you beside."

The jeweler paused a little to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and the watch, he said, "Wait a moment," and went to the door.

"Will that do?"

He had come forward again, and now presented her with the re-accepted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much have I to pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, taking out her pocket-book.

"Nothing," he replied. "The watch is uninjured."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with a tremulous voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good-morning, sir."

Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went with light steps and a light heart from the shop. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that she now felt in parting with it.

From the jeweler's she went to the bootmaker's and paid his bill; from thence to her milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you're dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gayly, as she drew her arm within that of her husband on his appearance that evening. "Come up stairs and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, George, as if you were afraid."

George Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive a dreadful sentence than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my wife become lost to me," he said in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?"

"Sit down, George," she said, leading him to a chair.

Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something in a hurried way from the drawer, and catching up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweler's bill.

"It is receipted to you," she said, and her voice fluttered a little.

"Mary! how is this?" he asked. "What does it mean?"

"I returned the watch," she replied, "and Mr. Rose receipted the bill. I would have paid for any damage, but he said it was uninjured, and would not take anything."

"Oh Mary," said her husband, "and this is receipted also, and this," she said, handing him the other bills which she had paid. "And now, dear," she shaded, quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave to the reader's imagination the explanations and the scenes that followed. If, however, any fair lady, who, like Mrs. Whitman, has been drawing too heavily on her husband's slender income for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Mary's experiment; and our word for it, she will find a new and glad experience in life.

Marriages.

In Bethel, Dec. 21, by Rev. J. W. Lewis, Moses E. Grover of Stoneham, and Ada H. Burgess of Bethel.

In Bethel, Dec. 22, by Rev. F. E. Barton, Warren A. Emery and Clyde I. Bartlett, both of Bethel.

In Bethel, Dec. 22, by Rev. F. E. Barton, Fordyce B. Brooks of Upton, and Bertha L. Cross of Bethel.

In Bethel, Dec. 23, by Rev. Israel Jordan, Oliver C. Gould of Portland, and Grace E. Chapman of Bethel.

In Bethel, Dec. 26, by Rev. F. E. Barton, Harry Brown and Grace Richardson, both of Bethel.

Deaths.

In Redmond, Vernon County, Wis., Dec. 13, Mrs. Abigail Drake Bean, aged 71 years, 4 mo 21 ds, 10 days. Wife of Dr. David Ames Bean of Redmond, Wis.

OBITUARY LIST.

Victims of the Grim Reaper
In 1898.

MANY NAMES OF NOTE.

Every Circle Invaded For Shining Marks—Famous Statesmen—Soldiers and Artists on the Death Roll.

JANUARY.
1. Richard Courtenay, noted American writer in London, in that city, aged 83.

2. Dr. J. L. Ross, noted Confederate veteran, at College Station, Tex.; aged 60.

3. Col. Johnson Ragsdale, a Confederate veteran of note, at Barnwell, S. C.; aged 63.

4. Mrs. Moses P. Handy, well known journalist, at Berlin, Md.; aged 51.

5. Mary Corvett Clarke, author of "Phosphate Concurrence," in Seneca, N. Y.; aged 72.

6. Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), author of "Alice in Wonderland," in London; aged 53.

7. Dr. Hon. C. P. Villiers, "Father of the House of Commons," who sat continuously from 1835, in London.

8. Benjamin Butterworth, U. S. commissioner of patents, at Thomasville, Ga.; aged 78.

9. Gen. Augustus, veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, in Washington; aged 78.

10. Very Rev. Henry George Liddell, noted English clergyman and Greek lexicographer, in London; aged 72.

11. Capt. Thomas P. Hines, a noted Confederate, called "Brandy," at Morgan, Ky.; aged 72.

12. Dr. Michael J. Grant, brother-in-law of Gen. Grant, at Carlisle, Pa.; aged 63.

13. At. J. Lawrence Braine, U. S. N., retired, in Brooklyn; aged 63.

FEBRUARY.
1. George Louis Gergo, the oldest Mason in the world, at San Bernardino, Cal.; born 1801.

2. William C. Stanton, once popular Irish bard, in New York city; aged 82.

3. Frances E. Willard, well known advocate of temperance, in New York city; aged 53.

4. Gen. W. B. Tallaferro, ex-Confederate and Mexican war veteran, in Gloucester county, Va.; aged 78.

5. William C. Singler, Philadelphia capitalist and editor, in that city; aged 78.

6. Gen. Thomas Schaff, Confederate veteran and noted author, in New York city; aged 53.

MARCH.
1. Prof. William A. Rogers of Colby university, noted astronomer; aged 56.

2. George Muller, the English philanthropist, in London; aged 82.

3. Gen. Edward L. Thomas, a noted Confederate veteran, in Washington; aged 72.

4. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, noted Federal leader in the civil war, at Los Angeles; aged 72.

5. Henry Bessemer, inventor of Bessemer steel, in New York city; aged 72.

6. Aubrey Beardsley, English draftsman and author; aged 24.

7. Blanche K. Bruce, noted colored statesman, in Washington; aged 72.

8. Matilda Joselyn Gage, noted woman suffrage leader; aged 72.

9. Gen. Wheelock Graves Veazey, a noted Vermont veteran, in Washington; aged 83.

10. Rev. Robert S. Harris, a noted Methodist, who founded Children's day, at Camden, N. J.

11. James Payn, noted English novelist, in London; aged 72.

12. Anton Seidl, noted musical director, in New York city; aged 72.

APRIL.
1. Margaret Mather, the actress, at Charleston, W. Va.; aged 38.

2. Gen. George A. B. Slocum, a noted leader in "Forrest's" Confederate cavalry corps at Memphis; aged 83.

3. Prof. J. J. Marcou, famous geologist at Cambridge, Mass.; aged 74.

4. George F. Johnson, well known writer, in New York city; aged 72.

5. U. S. Senator E. C. Wallcut, noted ex-Confederate, in Washington; aged 72.

6. Richard Smith, a prominent newspaper man in New York city; aged 72.

MAY.
1. Col. Cyrus A. Page, a veteran of the war and publisher of the Boston Beacon, in New York city; aged 83.

2. Edouard Lemaire, the famous violinist, in San Francisco; aged 63.

3. Gladstone, at Castle Harwarden; aged 83.

4. Edward "Manny" the author, at Chicago, Ill.; aged 53.

5. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, widow of Admiral J. Dahlgren and an author of note, in Washington; aged 83.

6. Baron Lyon Playfair, a noted scientist, in London; aged 78.

JUNE.
1. Thomas W. Keene, actor, at New York city; aged 53.

2. Capt. Ch. R. Gridley, commander of Dewey's flagship Olympia, at sea, in Manila; aged 53.

3. Burne Jones, the noted painter; in London; aged 63.

JULY.
1. Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N., retired, a naval war veteran, at Baltimore; aged 83.

2. Dr. William Pepper, noted educator, formerly provost of the University of Pennsylvania, at Pleasanton, Cal.; aged 53.

3. Bismarck, ex-chancellor of the German empire, at Friedrichshagen; aged 83.

AUGUST.
1. George Maurice Ebers, the Egyptianologist, at Berlin; aged 83.

2. Brig. Gen. John S. Polard, U. S. V., at Asheville, N. C.

3. Adolph Sr. J. of Suro tunnel, founder of the Suro tunnel, in New York city; aged 74.

4. Eliza Follen, formerly of the New York Tribune, at Norwich, Conn.; aged 83.

5. Rear Admiral A. Kirkland, U. S. N., retired, at Mare Island navy yard, California; aged 83.

6. Col. J. Van Horn, Eighth U. S. Infantry, a civil veteran and a Santiago hero, at Fort Russell, Wyo.; aged 83.

7. Fanny Davenport, the actress, at Duxbury, Mass.

8. Thomas F. Bayard, statesman and diplomat, at Dedham, Mass.; aged 78.

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